

The Pinkerton Crusoe

1945



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The Pinkerton Critic

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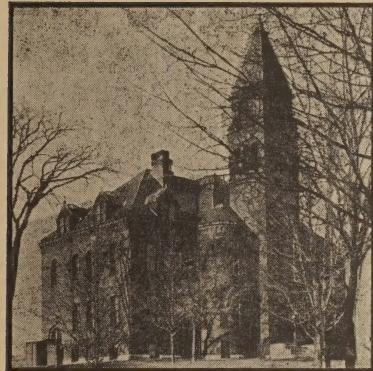
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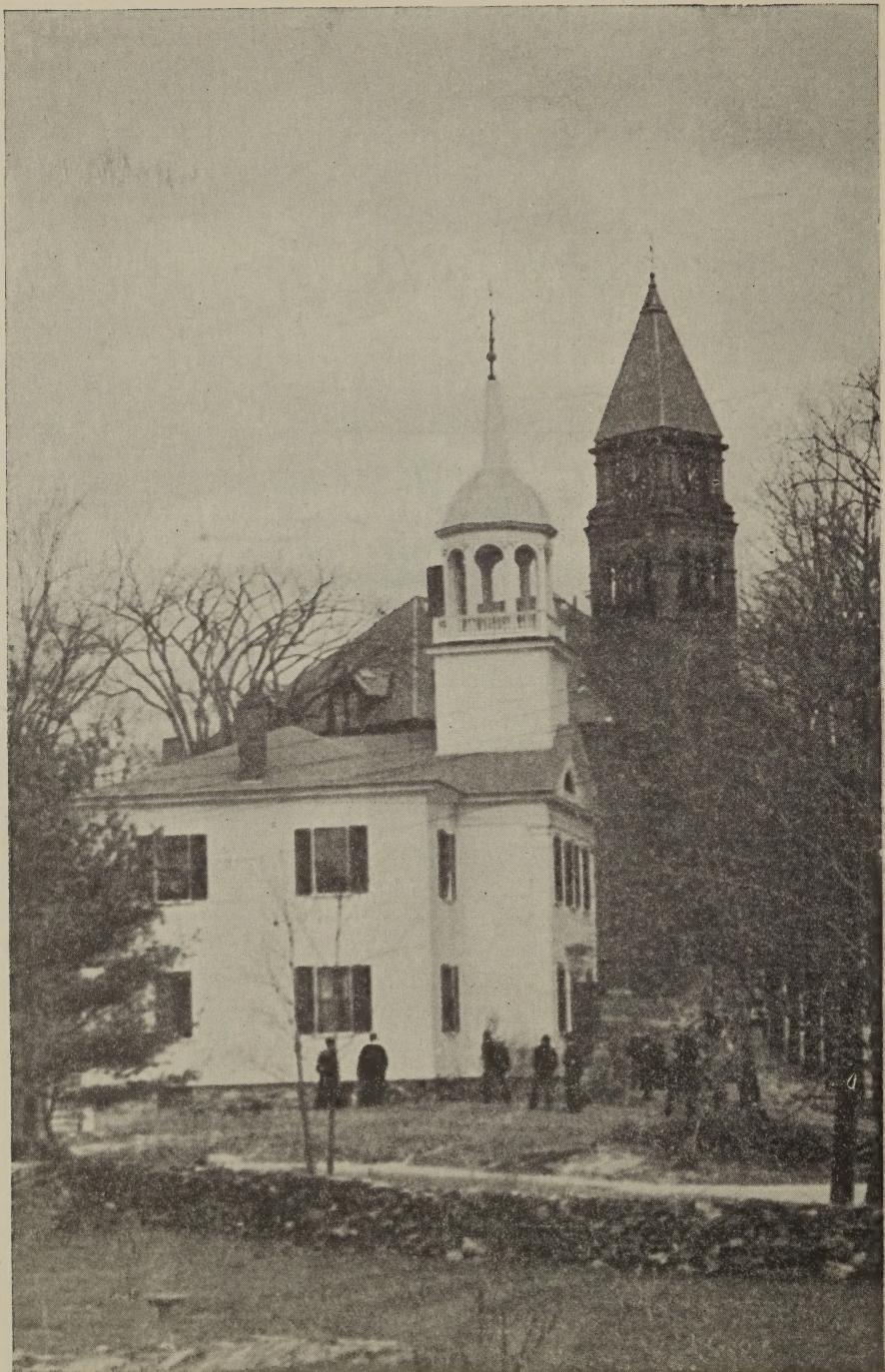
“PINKERTON”



“O Pinkerton, we hail thee
Facing the eastern light.”

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EDITORIAL



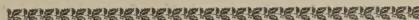
If four years of war have taught us nothing else, we have learned what Christmas really means. Before Pearl Harbor, Christmas was only a mad rush to give gifts to those who gave them to us the year before. To the merchant and the manufacturer, the holiday was the best chance of the year to come out ahead of his customer. Even Santa Claus was commercialized and put on a paying basis. The true meaning of Christmas was forgotten because we had so much to do and so little on our minds. We thought it was fun, and that's all Christmas should be. But we found out suddenly that there could be a different meaning to Christmas. We changed, and for the better. December 7 had a sobering effect on us all, for then the whole of America had a single purpose in mind.

Christmas didn't start in December anymore. It began in September and October—in time to send boxes to our boys overseas. And it didn't matter who gave to us last year; we were too busy to worry about trifles like that.

We didn't change entirely. We kept most of the better things — we still wrapped presents up in pretty ribbons. We still talked mysteriously about Santa Claus to the children, but we carried our own packages home, and took the bus instead of using precious gas. We got along without a lot of things, things we had once considered necessities. We found out that our neighbors could be pretty nice people; we even found that we had things in common with them.

On Christmas Eve, a lot of us went to church because we were a little more sober in thought than in other years. And on Christmas, some worked for there were more important things to do than celebrate.

For four years we've had the hope of peace in our hearts; now we have the reality. We'll have to work to make sure that every Christmas in the future will mean peace on earth, good will to men. It won't be easy, but perhaps with what we've learned in the war years, we can keep the real meaning of Christmas.



WELCOME

The members of the Critic Staff extend their heartiest welcome to the new faculty members — Miss McIntyre, Miss Lindgren, and Mr. Buckler. We hope your stay here will be a happy one.

We also welcome the class of 1949. Remember your days at Pinkerton are all too short, so fill them to the brim. Whenever you are able, participate in the activities of the school and be active in your class affairs. Always live up to the traditions of the school and in later days you will look back and cherish your four years spent at Pinkerton.

The Critic Staff



MY FIRST FLYING LESSON

It was about two o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, and I was preparing to go out to shoot a few squirrels, when a car roared into the driveway and skidded to a stop. The driver, the son of an Episcopalian minister, piled out of the car and knocked at the door. I ambled to the door and opened it.

"Get two dollars," he said, "and come on."

I gazed at him with curiosity in my eyes. "Two dollars," I cried. "Where am I going to get two dollars?"

He thought a moment; "Get it from your father." I did—with difficulty.

With the money and the same curiosity, I piled into the car. "Where are we going," I said, "and what for?"

"To Concord," he replied, "to take a flying lesson."

We arrived at the field about three, and proceeded to make arrangements for my lessons. I signed my name to a list and was admitted to the club with all the privileges of a paying member. I was then led to the edge of the field to wait my turn. At last the plane landed and I climbed in.

The plane was a small one, a Piper Cub, and had one seat in back of the other. On the first flight, the beginner only "follows through" or follows the trainer's movements on the controls. We taxied to the end of the field and then turned into the wind to make the take-off.

As we took off, I found myself holding the controls with a vice-like grip. As the plane left the ground, I relaxed a little and began to look around me. The ground was slipping away rapidly, and the fields and houses grew smaller and smaller.

At a thousand feet, the instructor leveled the plane off and let me take the controls. I tried turns and banks, and nearly tipped the plane over. "If you turn the plane over," he said cheerfully, "the wings will come off" I swallowed my tonsils and brought the plane back to normal.

As my time was up, Sam, (the instructor) brought the plane down and let me out. I walked off the field with a heart full of excitement, a head full of ideas, and a pocket full of nothing.

Donald Small '46

AN ACT OF COURAGE

Tillo Conchi lived way down on the wharf. Although Tillo had lived in America only a few years, he loved this great land of plenty and free ideas. Every day Tillo went to sea in a little dory to fish for shad and sea-perch.

Lately Tillo had been having trouble. Bad men had come to him and asked him to put out some new kind of fish trap, a round metal one with many prongs. But Tillo always refused. They attempted bribery and threats, but still he refused.

One night as Tillo was getting ready for a night fishing trip, he was accosted by two men. They wanted to be taken to the harbor. When Tillo refused, he was forced with a gun.

Soon the three were out in the harbor in Tillo's dory. They were crowded because of the three wooden cases the men had brought. One of the men started to unpack. Tillo caught his breath—for in the case was dynamite. Now he understood. The men were going to mine the harbor. What should he do? Tillo racked his brain for an answer. He was powerless. His only weapons were the oars, but he knew that he would be shot before he could bring one into action.

Then he knew. The dory could easily be tipped with such a load by twisting the oars in the opposite directions, he could upset the dory. The two men were dressed in heavy clothing and would not be able to swim. With a quick twist of the oars, they were all in the water. In ten seconds not a sign of life could be seen. You see, Tillo couldn't swim!

Pamela Low '46

MY FIRST MISSION

It was January 19, 1945, when my radio operator and I read the flight bulletin board. There were our names in black and white. We were scheduled to fly our first combat mission over Germany the next morning, January 20. Hurriedly we ran to our tent, which was situated in the olive grove, to notify the remainder of the crew. All were excited, especially me. We went to bed early that evening.

At four o'clock on the morning of January 20, we were awakened by the C. Q. It was very hard getting up, because of the cold weather. The crew and I ate breakfast, but not very much because we were thinking of what was to come. After breakfast a truck drove us across the field to the briefing room.

The mission for the day was Vienna, Austria — 520 guns, a very heavily defended target and we had to get it for our first. Immediately after briefing, the Catholic Chaplain came in as usual and gave us all a blessing. Trucks then took us to our squadron dressing room. I had a very uncomfortable feeling, such as one has before his first football game. We then proceeded to our planes (B-24s). We preflighted our turret guns, and then we were ready for combat.

Take off was at 7:30 a. m. It was a great experience taking off with ten 500 pounders, lots more thrilling than I expected. As a matter of fact, I hated to think that I would have to do it 49 times more. We were soon in formation and well above 10,000 feet and still climbing. Oxygen masks were on and not a sound came from anyone. Perhaps they were thinking and praying the same as I.

The dead silence was broken when the bombardier called for an oxygen check. We had been flying nearly five hours when air force called and cancelled the mission because of very bad weather. It certainly was a great relief to us all. Believe me, Vienna is really a rough place. The whole formation turned around about four minutes from the I. P. As a result, no credit was given for the mission. Coming back, everyone was singing over the inter-com and feeling pretty gay, never realizing that we'd be up there the following day.

Thus I flew my first combat mission. I only hoped that they would all be like that. Believe me, they weren't.

William Levandowski '46

SKIING?

Now that the first novelty of school was worn off, my mind is on the coming winter. By that I don't mean the days of school, but the week-ends.

My winter is made up of week-end, as those are the only times when I really become aware of myself and the surrounding world. During the week I wander around in a daze planning the next week-end.

Usually I plan a Saturday of skiing. I either go out on a nearby hill and ski with all the grade school children and make a fool of myself, or I go to the mountains and—make a fool of myself! It's a vicious circle either way.

I start out in my best ski suit and with my skis waxed properly. The proper waxing makes it **much** easier to make a fool of myself. The object is to make the skis just slippery enough so that you can get a good ride before you dive into a snowbank.

It takes training and years of experience to aim accurately for a snowbank, instead of a more promising tree. You have to learn the hard way. If you were ever led into a head-on introduction with a pine tree, you know what I mean. Before I received proper training, I used to arrive home with a couple of sprained ankles and black and blue spots distributed on various places. Now I only pull tendons out of place. This is really convenient, because it gives me a limp that makes me really look like a skier.

After a Saturday of skiing, I am too hungry to do anything but eat, too exhausted to do anything but sleep, and I spend all my spare time groaning. As for my skating plans for Sunday, I never get that far.

I begin the next week planning for another week-end and wondering if it is worth it.

Madeline O'Neil '46

ABOVE THE OVERCAST

Can you remember when you got up on a drizzly, foggy morning, looked out of your window and probably said something to the effect, "Well, here is one more day of my life donated to the benefit of the weatherman."

Little did you realize that above this gloomy overcast lay a new world; one which you were about to visit.

Let's say you arrived at an airfield and boarded a plane which was about to ascend into the blue. You took off in the usual manner, left the traffic pattern and started to climb.

Probably you were rather bored with the whole affair and wondered when you were going to break through the "fog" which had obscured your vision. After a short time, in fact, before you knew what had happened, you found yourself in a bright glowing sunlight.

Looking all about, you grinned wondering if this could really be possible. The cumulus, with the sun reflecting its peaks, rolled merrily by with the freedom of something out of *Alice in Wonderland*. The sky above was as blue as the ocean and the air had a fresh dry taste which reminded you of a bright spring sunrise. You had the feeling that man, with his great discoveries and inventions, could not conquer what had just been bestowed upon you.

After returning through the clouds to the earth, you were left with the thought that no matter what the weather was below, how miserable it may be sometimes, you always have the satisfaction of knowing that up above, the sun is shining brightly.

George Kachavos '46

LIFE IN WAR-TORN ITALY

What is life like in a country defeated in battle. A country bombed to ruin? How do the people feel about their conquerors? Let us take a journey into one of these countries.

As we enter the large harbor, we notice many large destroyers and battleships, most of them scuttled. Yes, that was the Italian Navy, now a mass of twisted steel. As we draw to within a mile of the once beautiful city of Naples, we pass a large island off to our right. That was the one-time lovely Isle of Capri. The island is now a rest camp for army personnel suffering from combat fatigue.

It takes several hours to go ashore due to the fact that the harbor has been completely destroyed by Allied bombers. Though the war with Europe has been over for several months, we find conditions very much the same. Then we begin to wonder if these people really want to start out on their own. They look contented living on what the Allies have provided them.

The first thing you notice is the fact that 90% of the people are wearing olive drab clothing. Yes, American uniforms. Some of them were taken from men killed in action, others stolen from supply trucks, and still others sold to them by American soldiers.

Although the Italian currency has no real value to the Italian people, the American Government is willing to exchange it for American money to soldiers returning to the United States. What happens to the money after the American Government gets it will probably never be known. Perhaps it is burned. However the Italian Government still prints valueless money, thus the people have a surplus of it. This is proved when you start talking to some of them. You are offered as much as \$50 for cigarettes, \$100 for Army blankets, and \$800 for a parachute. The people are paying nothing more than colored money for these items.

What have the people been doing since the liberation? Have they prepared themselves for the coming winter? Let us visit one of the typical homes. As we enter the door, we are forced to retreat as our host is taking his sheep to pasture. Yes, both the family and the sheep occupy the same house.

When we are successful in getting into the first room, we find nothing more than a square room with a little hay or straw on the floor. Next we enter the kitchen. We are able to tell this by the one large table in the middle of the room. This table takes up about two-thirds of the space. The stove is nothing more than a small clay bowl. They have two small pieces of wood lying nearby, burning just enough to heat their meals; then it is extinguished until the next meal. This is because wood is among the missing; in fact the only wood in Italy is the olive trees, which have only one season when any of its limbs can be cut without destroying the olives. One branch, two by four, three feet long would sell for \$25 or more.

After visiting this home, we all arrive at the conclusion that conditions in the city of Naples are very bad, almost beyond recovery.

But what of the people out in the country? Let's journey out into Italy's wide-open spaces and look at the rural sections. As we approach a small farmhouse, located in a large orchard of olives, we are brought to halt at the sight we see. Working under a small grove of olive trees is the farmer and his family—eight in all—an average Italian family. All their work is being done by manual labor. We have heard the people of Italy were hard workers. Now we are seeing it with our own eyes. Before us we see six children whose ages range from six to fifteen pulling a plow. When asked why the farmer didn't change to modern means of farming, he only grinned and continued. We were told by a guide that the people of Italy have used the same methods of farming for thousands of years, and were more than content to leave it as it stood. What was good enough for the grandparents was good enough for them.

As we leave the country and all its strange customs and start for the good old U. S. A., we look back to the ancient city of Naples and can't help thinking how lucky we are to be citizens of the United States, the land of opportunity.

Harold Moynihan '46

ON BEING A CLERK

Customers are apt to do anything—especially those with children. Children are very unpredictable characters. Just one day in a store proves this statement.

First a young mother comes in with Junior in tow. He looks like a very sweet child—but you soon decide differently. The newly cleaned and straightened thread counter looks as though a hurricane had hit it after Junior's hand sweeps over it.

Oh, well, you've got to put up with some things. But when he starts to pull buttons off the cards, you decide it's time to intervene. Mother explains that Junior just loves to play with buttons. You just smile sweetly and say you understand perfectly. But you don't. You say to yourself, "Gosh, what I'd do to him if he were mine."

You breathe a sigh of relief when they leave but a groan escapes when another child comes in.

It's just a little girl this time. But she's no more of an angel than the little boy was.

The cash register seems to fascinate her and she stands staring at it. At least she stands for a moment and then runs up and rings in three dollars. You make a dive for her, but the drawer gets there before you do—banging her on the head, knocking her down, and causing her to scream at the top of her lungs.

Her mother quickly picks her up murmuring endearments and glaring at you as though the whole thing were your fault.

You proceed to wait on her and she puts the child down. The little darling immediately returns to the cash register and rings in three dollars again. You wait for a scream but she was smart enough to duck this time. She smiles sweetly, and mother and daughter march triumphantly out of the store.

Oh, the trials of being a clerk!

Pauline Nelson '46

AMATEUR CHEMISTS

I have entitled this essay "Amateur Chemists." By this I mean the average American youth between the ages of nine and twelve.

It is really astounding to see how much terrorism, destruction and just plain trouble these young twerps can create with the use of their limited knowledge. Or maybe their limited knowledge is the excuse for the trouble they cause. At any rate, the most common delight of this particular species of *Homo sapiens* is to blow half the town to smithereens with explosions of their own making. No boy will ever become a man until he has concocted some successful explosion.

The most popular chemical combination to my knowledge is three parts potassium nitrate with one part each of charcoal, barium nitrate, and strontium nitrate, and about two parts sulphur. Junior makes about a pint of this concoction, pours it into a suitable container, adds a fuse, makes the container air-tight and retires to the nearest handy place.

Now anyone who has ever made this chemical mixture knows that one ounce is quite enough for a nice juicy explosion; but Junior thinks he needs one pint! OH Brother!

Junior steps bravely up with a handful of matches, lights the fuse and runs for the nearest haven of safety. There's a blinding flash, a terrific explosion, and the air is filled with broken glass, parts of the family car, and other assorted odds and ends of debris—to say nothing of Junior.

Atomic bombs? Ha! They are mild compared to the terrorism and destruction caused by these young amateurs.

Joe Chesnakas '47



Class Notes

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

QUIZ for Master Minds: No. 1. What Senior couple have been going steady for a year?.....No. 2. Whom did the mailman's son take to the Freshman Reception?.....No. 3. What Senior boy is often seen driving his girl's car?.....No. 4. Name the Senior girl who is really going steady?.....(See answers below.)

When our class began our Senior year, we elected Wayne Evans as President; Claire Bienvenue, Vice-president; Barbara Wheeler, Secretary; Merton Johnson, Treasurer. Yvonne Bibeault and Ralph Floyd are our Student Council members.....Our Senior Corn Roast was held at the Freshman Building. At this time a large amount of frankforts, corn, and punch was consumed. The committee responsible for the good time everyone had was Monica Orzechowski, William Boyce, Charles Johns, and Phyllis Carey.....As usual the Seniors gave the Freshman Reception. Ernest Booky, Louise Smith, Ronald Myatt, and Yvonne Bibeault were the committee. It was a success.....ANSWERS TO THE SENIOR QUIZ: No. 1. Claire and Floydie.....No. 2 Edmund surprised us all by taking a girl to the Freshman Reception. The girl? Pam.....No. 3. Mert seems to drive Shirley's car a lot lately. What are you, a privileged character, Mert?.....No. 4. Phiddy is really serious about her soldier. She hasn't dated anyone since he left.....New members of our class: Margaret Manning, William Lewandowski, George Kachavos, Harold Moynihan, Madge Farwell, and Dolores Quimby. We now number sixty-eight.....That, gentle readers, winds up another column. A Merry Christmas to all.

Dorothy Young '46

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

QUIZ for the Mentally Alert: No. 1. What girl and boy went to Manchester—with escorts?.....No. 2. Who is the unknown sailor of our class?.....No. 3. What superhuman feat was performed by Dorcas M. Caron and her assistants on V-J night?.....No. 4. Who is Ramona's new heart throb?.....(See answers below.)

The Junior Class has elected Paul Curtis as President; Shirley Pressey, Vice-president; Joe Curtis, Treasurer, and the Secretary is Dorcas Caron. We have Robert Laney and Ramona Tinkham for our Student Council members.....New members of our class are Charles Audette, Alice Sullivan, and Richard Kimball.....Mr. Buckler is our new Class Adviser.....The Junior Class elected a ring committee, and with the consent of the Seniors, we have already ordered the rings.....ANSWERS TO THE JUNIOR QUIZZ: No. 1. The boy was Bertrand and the escorts are unknown. Why not ask Lucy who they were, she might know.....No. 2. The unknown sailor is "Johnny." Isn't that right, Peachy?.....No. 3. Dorcas and her assistants performed the first successful non-stop flight to Manchester and back on V-J night.....No. 4. Ramona has met a veteran of World War II.....For the first time in three years, the Junior girls have won the inter-

class hockey championship with Dorcas Caron as captain and Pauline Madden, manager.....The boys on the Varsity football team from our class are Norman Merizon, Robert Laney, Robert Bertrand, William Mauzy, and Guy Wiggins.....Greetings of the season. We'll be seeing you soon.

Avis Carey '47

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

QUIZ for Scintillating Sophomores: No. 1. Why was Russ Carson worried about having the mumps?.....No. 2. Who was the Alumnus Phyllis George was with on Halloween?.....No. 3. What is it about the Navy that interests Lorraine Marquis, Theresa Joyce, and Beverly Wilson?.....No. 4. Who is the blonde that has our President re(Joyce)ing?.....No. 5. Who is the red-head who seems to have captured the heart of the "wolf" of our class?.....(See answers below.)

While you are thinking about the answers, let me tell you the news of the class since we became Sophomores.....Our class officers are President, Arthur Laporte; Vice-president, Avis Brooks; Secretary, Joanne Butterfield; Treasurer, Lawrence Poole; Student Council members, Lorraine Marquis and Channing Hamer.....The girls in Field Hockey really tried and did well considering the fact they did not have as many players as the other classes. Jacqueline Legendre was elected Captain and Lorraine Jodoin, Manager.....Charles Bartlett, Arthur LaPorte, George Mauzy, and George Tyler represented our class on the Football Varsity Team. Kenneth Lord was elected Captain of the team for the Annual Freshman-Sophomore game.....Avis Brooks, Lorraine Marquis and Betty Thayer are on the Varsity Cheering Squad and the class of '48 is proud of them.....The Sophomore girls initiated the Freshmen girls shortly after school started. Those on the committee were Christine Baker, Faith Fry, Corrine Goodhart, Leona Latulippe, and Jacqueline Legendre. The boys initiated the Freshmen by the traditional ducking.....The annual Halloween Costume Party which was sponsored by the Sophomore class was a huge success. We owe much credit to Mr. England, our new Class Adviser, Arthur LaPorte, chairman, and those on the committee.....I think I've kept you in suspense long enough and now I'll try to answer the questions.....No. 1. Because a certain blonde Sophomore girl was suddenly stricken with the mumps.....No. 2. Just an old "flame".....No. 3. We understand it's because of three sailors called Bucket, Joe, and Bob.....No. 4. The answer is somewhere in the question.....No. 5. We call her "Brooksie.".....Well, my friends, that's all for now.....Holiday Greetings.

Joanne Butterfield '48

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

QUIZ for Unfagged Minds: No. 1. What Freshman boy is called "Baby-face"?.....No. 2. Who is our class Casanova?.....No. 3. Does Nyla like to ride in gray cars?.....No. 4. About whom could Kit be singing when she sings, "I'm Just Wild About Harry"?.....(See answers below.)

The Freshmen boys were ducked when Initiation Day arrived. The girls had a more horrible fate. They wore nightgowns, bathing suits, shorts, and other garments. Their faces were hard to recognize covered with burnt cork, lipstick,

rouge, and cream.....We had a very enjoyable Freshman Reception. Rogers Rutter rode in the baby carriage.....Those chosen for class cheerleaders are Elaine Rand, Patricia Boyle, Irene Muzzey, Geraldine Kingsbury, and Patricia Butterfield. Geraldine Kingsbury and Patricia Butterfield are also sub-varsity cheerleaders.....ANSWERS TO THE FRESHMAN QUIZ: No. 1. Malcolm Whitney is called "Babyface" — by Jackie Clay, at least.....No. 2. Our class Casanova seems to be Charlie. Don't swoon, girls!.....No. 3. Nyla certainly likes to Ride(r) in gray cars, and wishes she could more often.....No. 4. It's possible Kit could be singing about Harry Dalton.....Elaine Rand was elected captain of the hockey team, and Irene Muzzey, manager.....The boys on the Freshman Football team are Billy Fry, Marvin Crabb, Billy Hepworth, Robert Morrill, Roland Caron, Ray Caron, Curtis Henderson, George Gallien, Charles Lepine, Jimmy Hodgdon, and George Hoyt.....Merry Christmas!

Irene Muzzey '49

THE CROW

Caw! Caw! In spite of the rainy weather, the Crow has managed to keep his feathers dry riding around in an assortment of vehicles. Regardless of the fact that many people think that a good crow is a dead one, he has dug up a few facts and figures!!

We hear that the two new Senior girls are really "hep to the jive"—at least Booky and Myatt thought so.

We understand that "Speed" spends (H)all his time prowling in the wilds of Londonderry.

We would like to know where two certain young Sophomores get all that ambition to walk to Four Corners. Are you "Cumming(s)" up tonight, "Leroy"?

We understand a certain Freshman girl is keeping up the "Morrill" of a certain Senior who drives a green convertible coupe. He had the "Willies" for a while.

We wonder who's next on Aiken's list since the rose of Hampstead has faded.

Since Bertrand gets the car so often, we understand he calls for the iceman's daughter.

There's a rumor that Kachavos has bought a few shares in Kimball's taxi service.

We hear that Myatt has given up all "Hope"!

We understand that for awhile Wayne's trips to the wilds of East Derry were pretty steady. What happened, Wayne?

Levy, how do you "Fry" your eggs? Sunny side up?

The Crow would like to know why Hubbard patronizes Low's Drug Store so often. (Watch out for Roy!)

With the man shortage the way it is, Kingsbury, we don't think you should have more than one date on the same night.

Wingate says that she's different. We wonder about that!

We deeply appreciate the contribution by Elaine Rand, a very dear friend of the Crow.

See you next issue, The Crow, '46

Boys' Athletic Notes

Pinkerton Academy
Derry Village, N. H.

Dear Ken,

In regard to your queries, here are the results of the football season:

We started the season a week before school opened. Forty fellows came out, eight of whom were returning veterans. Coach Smith was back for his second year at Pinkerton Academy. It looked like a promising season with Wayne Evans as Captain.

The line-up of the 1945 team was as follows:

Wayne Evans, Captain: A shifty and speedy left tackle who could always be depended upon to break up the play.

Grant Benson: A short but rugged left guard who could plug up the center of the line.

Robert Bertrand: A new discovery, playing left-end, who proved to be fast and shifty on those quick passes.

Billy Boyce: A capable fellow at centering the ball back, and a good man on offense and defense.

Robert Laney: A new right guard who proved himself to be all right. When he hit a man, he stayed hit.

Bill Mauzy: A giant right tackle, weighing 190 lbs., who could really do something about those line plunges.

Tom Moynihan: A returning veteran who was good at catching passes. He was shifty and quick on his feet.

George Mauzy: Our quarterback for the year, who could really call plays when we were in a tight spot.

Arthur LaPorte: A right halfback who could gain yardage on any end run.

Charles Bartlett: That amazing Sophomore who plays full back for dear old P. A. When "Chuck" gets going, there's no stopping him.

Norman Merizon: A powerful, line-bucking left half back. He could gain those precious five yards when they were needed.

Ralph Floyd: A new Senior wonder, starring at quarter back and end. He can throw a mean pass.

George Tyler: He was discovered too late, but "Cap" was always good for thirty yards.

The other boys on the squad who helped put the team in shape were as follows:

Ernest Booky, Lewis O'Brien, Lowell Crabb, Donald Wyman, Aubrey Oikle, John Palmer, Charles Lepine, William Hepworth, Mervin Crabb, Ernest Keith, George Gallien, Malcolm Whitney, Kenneth Lord, Benjamin Gurley, Guy Wiggins, Louis Kachavos, Laurie Poole, Harry Banfill, Richard Van Dyne, Douglas Gile, Tom Bickford, James Cousins, and Douglas Clark.

Now for the season—its successes and failures.

The first game was with Dracut here at Derry. It was a good game, but Dracut won, 14-6.

Our second game was with St. John's at Concord. This was a night game, Thus came our second defeat—27-6.

At our next game with Manchester West at Derry, P. A. was defeated again, by a score of 12-0.

Cathedral High of Manchester came to Derry the following week to win over us by a score of 12-6.

Traveling to Exeter, a hard game was played with Exeter winning by a score of 13-6.

Our last game was played at Chelmsford. Bill Levandowski, a veteran of this war and a Senior, played a wonderful game for P. A. Chelmsford beat us by a score of 20-6.

Thus came to an end a defeated season for Pinkerton Academy. The team played good, clean, hard football, but it wasn't in the book that we should win this year.

Maybe next year we will have better luck.

Sincerely,

Grant '46

Girls' Athletic Notes

The Field Hockey season opened a few weeks after school started with Miss Charlotte Lindgren as coach, and Pamela Low, manager.

A large group of hockey enthusiasts reported for the first night. This made it possible for class games to get under way. There was plenty of excitement all during the season.

The following girls were selected for the Girls' Field Hockey Team:

Amy Bunker, captain	Left half back
Shirley Abbott	Center
Claire Bienvenue	Center half back
Loris Crabb	Right half back
Margaret Manning	Left inner
Edith Simpson	Right inner
Marjorie Cummings	Left full back
Yvonne Bibault	Right full back
Ruth Kimball	Left wing
Eleanor Martel	Right wing
Phyllis Carey	Goalie

Substitutes:

Pauline Marquis
Leona Latulippe
Elaine Rand

The Juniors were winners of the inter-class games this year. They went through the season without losing to any class. Good work, Juniors.

The following class captains and managers were elected:

Captains

Senior	Edith Simpson
Junior	Dorcas Caron
Sophomore	Jackie Legendre
Freshman	Elaine Rand

Managers

Senior	Phyllis Carey
Junior	Pauline Madden
Sophomore	Lorraine Jodoin
Freshman	Irene Muzzey

Mr. Conner's Senior Dillies accepted a challenge from the Terrible Ten. On November 15, at 2:45, the challenge began. The first minute of the game was as thrilling as the last. Steam Boat Smith putted down the field three times for a goal.

The Terrible Ten held the Dillies in the last quarter, when the score was tied, 2-2. In the last minute of the game, the mighty Senior Girls defeated the weak Dillies by a score of 3-2.

The line-up for the game was as follows:

Girls	Position	Boys
You tell 'em Abbott	C.	Evans out to get Simp
Lulu (Flood) 'em Bienvenue	C. Hb.	Rough and Out to kill Lulu Floyd
Up and at 'em Bunker	R. Hb.	Tough and Ready Boyce
That's only my ankle Crabb	L. Hb.	Mow 'em down Aiken
Slugger Simpson	R. I.	Smoochy Small
Knock 'em down Cummings	L. I.	Slugger Gross
Bubble Buster Bebo	R. Fb.	Long and Powerful Johns
Blonde Bomber Kimball	L. Fb.	Small but rugged Mert
Steam Boat Smith	R. W.	If Abbott lives, she's lucky Irish
Red Devil Manning	L. W.	Up and at 'em Messier
Red Hot Carey	Goalie	Atomic Carson

The tennis tournament will be held this spring.

Claire Bienvenue '46



Alumni Notes

The following graduates of '45 are in the service:

Kenneth Cross	Army
Charles Dooley	Army
Everett Mills	Army
Earl Pelletier	Army
Carroll Spafford	Army
Harry Richardson	Navy
Courtney Allen	Navy
James Gratton	Army
Sidney Gross	Navy
Samuel Low	Navy
Maurice Marquis	Navy
Myron Richardson	Navy
William Routhier	Navy
Charles Spaulding	Navy
Lewis Morrison	Merchant Marines

The following are continuing their education in various schools and colleges:

Sherman Brickett	— Worcester Tech., Worcester, Massachusetts
Janice Abbott	— Post Graduate, Pinkerton
Joan Curtis	— Colby Junior College, New London, New Hampshire
Miriam Dearborn	— Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio
Claire Dion	— Post Graduate, Pinkerton
Barbara Fowler	— Post Graduate, Pinkerton
Bertha Hall	— Hesser Business College, Manchester, New Hampshire
Howard Hunt	— University of New Hampshire
Robert Johnson	— University of New Hampshire
Doris Joslyn	— Keene Teachers' College, Keene, New Hampshire
Areadne Katsakiores	— Keene Teachers' College, Keene, New Hampshire
Dorothy Longdin	— Hesser Business College, Manchester, New Hampshire
Verna O'Brien	— Westbrook Junior College, Westbrook, Maine.
Lorna Swain	— University of New Hampshire
Frederick Tupper	— Tufts College, Medford, Massachusetts
Patricia Senter	— Jackson College, Medford, Massachusetts

Those who are employed out of the state are:

Thelma Fay (Mrs. Ralph Watts, '42)	Georgia
Barbara Griffin	Worcester, Massachusetts
Mary Rider	Watertown, Massachusetts
Hilda Souza	Boston, Massachusetts

Still others have found it more convenient to remain in Derry or nearby towns:

Frederick Ball	Derry
Pauline Cassidy	Derry Village
Nathalie Chadwick	Derry
Ellen Clark	Londonderry
Claire Cote	Derry
Jeannette Demianow	Derry
Virginia Drowne	Derry
Barbara Gallien	Derry
Gloria Gallien	Derry
Cecile Gregoire	Derry
Gladys Hoisington	Derry
Frances Johns	Derry
Elaine Latulippe	Derry
Ruth Mather	Derry
Gloria Monkley	Derry
Arline Patnaude	Derry
Marion Piper	Derry
Donald Sanderson	Derry
Shirley Watts	Derry
Marcia Woodward	Derry

INTERESTING ITEMS

The following have recently been discharged from the various branches of the armed forces:

Robert Hanf, Class of 1937
 Clarence Gallien, Class of 1929
 Robert Jodoin, Class of 1943
 Harold Bean Jr., Class of 1941
 Frank Moynihan, Class of 1943
 James Gagnon, Class of 1941
 Harold Moynihan, Class of 1945
 George Kachavos, Class of 1945

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Pauline DuVarney, Class of 1944, to P. F. C. Douglas Mitchell of Manchester, N. H.

MARRIAGES

Miss Thelma Fay, '45 to S. Sgt. Ralph Watts, '41.

Miss Winifred D. Burchell, W. A. A. F. of England, to Capt. Raymond Ainsworth, '38. The wedding took place in New Delhi, India.

Miss Winifred Low '25 to Sgt. Harland L. Brown, New Boston.

AWARDS

The Air Medal to S. Sgt. James Gagnon, Class of 1941.

The Silver Star to T-Sgt. John Gagnon, Class of 1941.

Francis Lee, A. O. 2-c, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and two Gold Stars in lieu of 2nd and 3rd Air Medals, Class of 1943.

Sgt. George Patten, Class of 1943, was posthumously awarded the Purple Heart with two citations, one signed by the President.

The Silver Star Medal has been awarded posthumously to S. Sgt. Edward Daskey, Class of 1939.

GOLD STARS

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Patten, Derry, received notice of the death of their son, Sgt. George A. Patten who was killed in action on February 21, 1945. Sgt. Patten was a graduate of the Class of 1943.

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Maloof of the death of their son, S. Sgt. Joseph Messery in a Japanese prison camp. Sgt. Messery was a member of the Class of 1938.

NECROLOGY

Mr. L. Winslow Emerson, Class of 1916.

Rev. Thomas Foxall who was an instructor at the Academy from 1919 to 1921.

Miss Mary N. Parsons, Class of 1881. Miss Parsons was an instructor at Pinkerton Academy from 1885 to 1910.

Roving Reporter

51st Wac Hospital Company
Thayer General Hospital
Nashville, 5, Tennessee
September 30, 1945

Dear Roving Reporter:

You asked me to write and tell the Critic what I have been doing since I left Pinkerton, and so on. In the first place, your facilities wouldn't permit the printing of all the things I've done since the 13th of June, 1941 — it seems years and years ago that I last walked through the portals of dear old P. A. as a student—but perhaps you'd like to hear something about my present experience, as a Wac

On March 28 a group of about 18 of us left Manchester, bound for Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, our home for the succeeding 11 weeks. Once arrived, it wasn't long before we were rapidly becoming oriented to Army life. Basic training lasted just five weeks, and then we moved to another part of the fort for our technical training. On June 16 we moved again—this time to our respective stations. Mine was Thayer General Hospital, Nashville, Tennessee. While everyone was hopeful and very anxious to get started on the job they had come into the Army to do, leaving Oglethorpe was like leaving a bunch of life long friends—but so it goes in the WAC, as in any branch of the service.

The WAC detachment at Thayer is a comparatively new organization. Our commanding officer was with us in medical technician school at Oglethorpe, so both she and we knew more or less what to expect of the other. It was certainly a comforting feeling to know that we'd be serving under an old friend. There are about 200 Wacs here now—medical and surgical technicians, clerks, laboratory technicians, physiotherapy workers, and those whose work concerns education and rehabilitation and reconstruction.

Our first four weeks in the hospital were a continuation of our training—we technicians were rotated from ward to ward, gaining what experience we could in that short time, in order that the staff might decide in what work we were best fitted. I was classified as a surgical technician and assigned to the operating room. Guess I'm really pretty lucky, for it truly is a wonderful experience to say the least. There are 8 of us Wacs in Surgery working with the nurses and surgeons, and what corpsmen there are left. We circulate and scrub for operations and really have a chance to learn quite a lot. The Army Nurses are as regular a bunch of people as I have ever met. A number of them have served overseas—they are the women soldiers of this war, and can't be given enough praise.

I don't know what to tell you about the hospital itself. It's quite new. Most of the patients are from Tennessee, Georgia, West Virginia, Ohio, and Indiana—the South, almost exclusively. Reverse the location of Thayer, and it wouldn't be a bad setup at all. The city of Nashville doesn't have much to offer service people, so almost everyone hangs out either at the Wac Day Room (we have a PX combined) or at the CS Club for Conditioning Service men and the detachment personnel. Even though we're located in the heart of the South, most of the girls are from New England and the Middle Atlantic states. There are a number from New Hampshire, but I'm the only Derry Wac on the post.

Now that the war is over, there is not telling how much longer we'll be at this hospital, but no one is urged to have any illusions about getting out of the army in a hurry, for it has so often been said that when the fighting ceases, the Medical Corps takes over. I see what they mean! There's a long road ahead for medical and surgical Wacs, and I'd like to stick around awhile.

I'll bet that New Hampshire is beautiful at this time of year, though, isn't it? If you folks have that "fall feeling", you can perhaps imagine how we feel—down here in Tennessee! You said it—I love the North!

It was swell talking to you—reminds me of the good old days when I was back at school, also working on the Critic staff. Please give my best to everyone at Pinkerton, won't you, Roving Reporter, and thanks for this opportunity.

Sincerely yours,

Mary Young



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